

FRIDAY THE 13th

By Thomas W. ...

"Jim, don't talk to me. My conceit is gone. I have learned my lesson today. My plans were all right, and sound, but poor fool that I was, I did not take into consideration the loaded dice of the master thieves. I knew what they could do, have seen them scores of times, as you have, at their slaughter, seen them crush out the hearts of other men just as good as you or I; seen them take them out and skin and quarter them, unmerciful of the agony of those who were dear to and dependent on their owners, but it never seemed to strike me home. I was not my heart, and somehow, I looked at it as a part of the game and let it go at that. Today I know what it means to be put on the chopping block of the 'System' butchers. I know what it is to see my heart and the heart of one I love—and yours, too, Jim—systematically skewered to those of the hundreds and thousands of victims who have gone before Jim. We must be three millions lower, and the men who have our money have so many, many millions that they can't live long enough even to thumb them over. Men who will use our money on the gambling table, at the race tracks, squander it on stage barbers, or in turning their wives and daughters or their neighbors' wives and daughters into worse than stage barbers. Men, Jim, who are not fit, measured by any standard of decency, to walk the same earth as you and Judge Sands. Men whose painted pots pollute the very air that such as Beulah Sands must breathe. I've learned my lesson today. I thought I'm suddenly awakened to a realization of the dense ignorance I wallowed in. Jim, but for have been taking Beulah Sands to her father with the money that the hellish 'System' stole from him. Later I should have taken her to the altar, and after who knows but that I should have had the happiest home and family in all the world, and lived as her people and mine have lived for generations, honest, God-fearing, law-abiding, neighborly men and women, and then died as men should die. But now, Jim, I see a black, awful picture. No, I'm not morbid. I'm going to make a heroic effort to put the picture out of sight, but I'm afraid, Jim, I'm afraid."

He stopped as we pulled up on the sidewalk in front of Randolph & Randolph's office. "Here it is on the bulletin. See what day the trick, Jim. They held that Sugar meeting last night instead of waiting till tomorrow, and cut the dividend instead of increasing it. The world won't know it until tomorrow. Then they will know it, then they will know it. They will read it in the headlines of the papers—a few suicides, a few defaulters, a few new convicts, an unclaimed corpse or two at the morgue; a few innocent girls, whose fathers' fortunes have gone to swell Carnegie's and Standard Oil's already unclaimable gold turned into street-walkers; a few new palaces on Fifth avenue, and a few new libraries given to communists that formerly took pride in building them from their honestly earned savings. A report or two of record-breaking diamond sales by Tiffany to the king and crown of royalty, then, front-page news stories of chewing, beating, and hair-pulling wrangles among the stage barbers for the possession of these diamonds. They were sure that the dividend cut alone would do the trick, and they were taking no chances, these mighty warriors of the 'System,' so their firing senate committee held a session last night and unanimously reported to Jim, saying on the free list. The people will read that in the morning, and probably the day after they'll be told that the committee held another session to-night and unanimously reported to take it off the free list. By that time these honorable statements will have loaded up with the stock that you and I and Beulah Sands sold and that other poor devils will slaughter tomorrow after reading their morning papers."

Beulah's bitterness was terrible. My heart was torn as I listened. He stalked through the office and into that of Beulah Sands. I followed her, as at her desk, and when she looked up, her great eyes opened in wonderment as they looked in Rob's grim, set face, the defiant, sudden desperation of the big brown eyes, the disheveled hair and clothes. For an instant she stood as one who had seen an apparition.

"Look me over, Beulah Sands," he said. "Look me over to your heart's content. For you may never again see the face of Rob in all the world. The Rob who thought himself competent to give such sums of money, with some who really know how to play the game of dollars as it is played in this 'System' game. Don't ask me to call you Beulah, that what I tried to do was for Jim. In the one stroke of light in all this black hell Beulah Sands, you are Rob's, you, your father, and I, Rob, and I'm the best who did it."

She rose from her desk with all the quiet, calm dignity that had been shining for three months, and stood looking at him. She did not come to me.

me, she saw nothing but the man who had gone out that morning the personification of hope, who now stood before her the picture of black despair, and she must have thought, "It was all for me." Suddenly she took the lapels of his torn coat in either hand. She had to reach up to do it, this winsome little Virginia lady. With a big, calm blue eyes looking straight into his, she said:

"That was all, but the word seemed to change the very atmosphere in the room. The look of desperation faded from Rob's face, and as though the words had sprung the hidden catch in the gears of the storehouse of pent-up misery, his eyes filled with hot, blind, burning tears. His great chest was convulsed with sobs. Again—clear, calm, fearless, and tender, came the one syllable, 'Rob.' And at that Rob's soul cried, he threw his arms around her and crushed her to his breast. The sacredness of the scene made me feel like an intruder, and I started to leave the room. But in a moment Beulah Sands was her usual self and, turning to me, she said: 'Mr. Randolph, please forget what you have seen. For an instant, as I saw Mr. Brownley's awful misery, I thought of nothing but what he had done for me, what he had tried to do for my father, what a penalty he has paid. From what you said when you left and the fact that I got no word from either of you, I feared the worst and did not dare look at the tape; I simply waited and hoped and prayed. Yes, I prayed as my mother taught me I should pray whenever I was helpless and could do nothing myself. And I felt that God would not let the noble work of two such men be overthrown by those you were battling with. In the midst of a calmness that I took for a good omen, you came. Can you blame me for forgetting myself? Mr. Brownley, the Rob who was now calm and self-controlled, 'call me what you have done. Where do we stand?' 'There is little to tell,' Rob answered. 'Carnegie and

ing we were at the goal, that we were millions ahead, and all from 24 hours' effort. We have yet almost three months left, and I do not see why we have not just as much chance as we had day before yesterday. Yes, and more, because we know more now. Next time we will include the dividend cuts and the senate duplicity in our fighting."

We both dumbly stared in wondering admiration at this marvelous woman. Was it possible that a girl could have such nerve, such courage? Or had woman's hope, so persistent where her loved ones are concerned, made Beulah Sands blind to the awfulness of the situation? As I looked at her I could not doubt that she was really suffering more than either of us, that she was only acting to ease Rob's anguish. Rob brought out his memorandum, and in half an hour we had the figures. The total loss was nearly three millions. As Beulah Sands' 26,000 shares had cost less than ours and Rob figured to leave her capital of \$100,000 intact, we felt some comfort.

Beulah Sands had watched the figuring with the keenness of the final figure, when Rob announced the final figures, which showed that she still had what she started with, she drew the sheet containing the totals to her. "I was willing to accept your assistance," she said, "when the deal promised a profit to all of us, because I appreciated your goodness and knew how much it would hurt your feelings if I were selfish about the dividend; but now that all I lose I must stand my fair share. I must." She said this in a way that we both knew precluded the possibility of argument. "We owned together 150,000 shares. I was to have had the profits on 20,000 shares. Our total loss is \$3,775,000, of which I must bear my just proportion. Mr. Brownley, you will see that \$370,000 is charged to my account. I shall have \$30,000 left. If our cause is as just as we think, God in His goodness will make this amply for our purposes."

Though Rob and I were in despair at her determination to strip herself of what Rob had worked so hard to get, we could not help feeling a reverence for her faith and her sturdy independence. She now showed us in her delicate way that she wished to be alone; as we went she held out her hand to Rob. "Mr. Brownley, please, for the sake of the work we have to do, look on the bright side of this calamity, for it has a bright side. You wanted me to send word to my father that we were about to grasp victory. Think if we had sent it—then you will know that God is good, even when we think He is chastening as beyond endurance."

Rob took me into his office. "Jim,

WIT AND WISDOM.

Hurting the Eyes.
Yeast—Nearly everybody in Boston wears glasses, I believe.
Crimsonback—That's my belief.
"Do you suppose beans hurt the eyes?"
"Well if they come out of a bean-shooter, they are likely to."—Yonkers Statesman.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are good for anyone who needs a pill. They are small, safe, sure, little pills that do not grip or sicken. Sold by H. S. Pashard and W. E. Bosserman.

The English Way.
Bacon—Railway servants in England are supposed to receive \$1,500, 000 a year in tips.

Epbert—Some of the money goes to attendants for allowing you to look after your own truck. —Yonkers Statesman.

Laugh and Cure Dyspepsia.
The best medicine in the world for indigestion, says an old physician, is a good hearty laugh. High spirits and plenty of fun at the table are better dyspepsia cures than all the doctor's stuff in creation.

A Bad Break.
"That man looked so odd when I told him this was a community you had to put more life into to keep business from keeping at a dead level."
"No wonder he looked odd. He's the undertaker." — Baltimore Amer.

Occasional headache, belching, bad taste in the mouth, lack of appetite and slight nervousness are symptoms of indigestion which when allowed to go uncorrected, will develop into a case of dyspepsia that will take a long time to get rid of. Don't neglect your stomach. At the first indication of trouble take something that will help it along in its work of digesting the food you eat. Kodol for Indigestion and Dyspepsia will do this. Kodol will make your food do good and will enable you to enjoy what you eat. Sold by H. S. Pashard and W. E. Bosserman.

Faint Prizes.
Footed Light—I understand you have received a letter from a friend praising your performance.
Miss Sue Drette—I have; but it's written with such pale ink I can hardly read it.
Probably intended for faint praise.

Starving to Death.
Because her stomach was so weakened by useless drugging that she could not eat, Mrs. Harry H. Walters, of St. Clair St., Columbus, O., was literally starving to death. She writes: "My stomach was so weak from useless drugs that I could not eat, and my nerves so wrecked that I could not sleep, and not before I was given up to die was I induced to try Electric Bitters; with the wonderful result that improvement began at once, and a complete cure followed." Best health tonic on earth. 50c. Guaranteed by W. E. Bosserman.

An Industrious Litterateur.
Newsdays—I want the complete works of that man that's edited so many of the standard authors.
Bookseller—Who do you mean?
Newsdays—That fellow, De Lany—Puck.

There are a great many people who have slight attacks of indigestion and dyspepsia nearly all the time. Their food may satisfy the appetite but it fails to nourish the body simply because the stomach is not in condition to do the work it is supposed to do. It can't digest the food you eat. The stomach should be given help. You ought to take something that will do the work your stomach can't do. Kodol for indigestion and dyspepsia, a combination of natural digestants and vegetable acids, digests the food itself and gives strength and health to the stomach. Pleasant to take. Sold by H. S. Pashard and W. E. Bosserman.

Used to It.
The aged millionaire was observed to jump nimbly from in front of the speeding automobile and hurry away.
"You wonderfully agile," remarked one who had seen him.
"Nothing like practice," replied the millionaire. "The man is that unto was the tax assessor."

Stomach troubles, Heart and Kidney ailments, can be quickly corrected with a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Sheep's Restorative. The prompt and surprising relief which this remedy immediately brings is entirely due to its Restorative action on the controlling nerves of the Stomach, etc.

A weak Stomach, causing dyspepsia, a weak Heart with palpitation or intermittent pulse, always means weakness. Strengthen these feeble or controlling nerves with Dr. Sheep's Restorative and see how quickly these ailments disappear. Dr. Sheep of Reading, Wis. will mail you a free. Write for them. A test will tell. Your health is certainly worth this simple trial. Sold by W. E. Bosserman.

The Wicked Cities.

"What became of Ninevah?" asked the Sunday school teacher.
"It was destroyed," said Johnny, promptly.
"And what became of Tyre?"
"Punished."—Cleveland Leader.

DeWitt's Carbolicized Witch Hazel Salve is good for boils, burns, cuts, scalds and skin diseases. It is especially good for piles. Sold by H. S. Pashard and W. E. Bosserman.

The Poor Farmer.
Farmer Green (sorrowfully)—No mum; we ain't a-goin' to have no tomatoes this year.

Miss Borden—Why not? Isn't it a good year for tomatoes?
Farmer Green—Yes, mum; but we didn't plant any.—Scraps.

The way to get rid of a cold, whether it be a "bad cold" or just a little one, is to get it out of your system through the bowels. Nearly all Cough Cures especially those that contain opiates, are constipating. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup contains no opiates and acts gently on the bowels. Pleasant to take. Sold by H. S. Pashard and W. E. Bosserman.

Hard Hit.
"Do you really mean to tell me," demanded Mrs. Haukeup, "that you are a San Francisco sufferer?"
"Yes, lady," replied hungry Hawkes.
"Yes, see, folks has been sending so much grub out dere dey've had to neglect as deservin' cases nearer home." — Philadelphia Press.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch!
Scratch! The more you scratch the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. It cures piles, eczema, any skin itching. All druggists sell it.

A Stab at It.
"He ject," quoted Miss Peebles, as they strolled through the cemetery, "what does that mean on all these old tombstones?"
"Why-er-yen see," began Hunter, "that's an abbreviation for hickory jacket—that is to say, hickory coffin. That's the kind they used in old times, see?" — Philadelphia Press.

Well Worth Trying.
W. H. Brown the popular pension attorney, of Pittsfield, Vt., says: "Next to a pension, the best thing to get is Dr. King's New Life Pills." He writes: "they keep my family in splendid health." Quick cure for headache, constipation and biliousness. 25c. Guaranteed at W. E. Bosserman's drug store.

His Last Wish.
Doctor—Have you any last wish? Patient—Yes, I wish I had some other doctor.

Cures baby's croup, Willie's daily cough and bruises, mama's sore throat, grandma's lameness—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—the great household remedy.

Sure.
"What's become of the living pictures we used to see in the vaudeville shows?"
"Dead."—Cleveland Leader.

The Breath of Life.
It's a significant fact that the strongest animal of its size, the gorilla, also has the largest lungs. Powerful lungs means powerful creature. How to keep the breathing organs right should be man's chief study. Like thousands of others, Mrs. Ora A. Stephens, of Port Williams, O., has learned how to do this. She writes: "Three bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery stopped my cough of two years and cured me of what my friends thought consumption. It's a grand cure for throat and lung troubles." Guaranteed by W. E. Bosserman, druggist. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Strictly Accurate.
Agent—This whole list is headed with but a lie.
Tenant—Yes, 'em found that out the cold day last week we tried to keep from freezing.—Baltimore American.

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation—weakens the whole system. Doan's Regulator (30 cents per box) corrects the liver, tones the stomach, cures constipation.

Happening of the Unexpected.
"Do you ever lose accident policies to baseball games?" anxiously inquired the caller.
"To be sure we do," answered the man inside the railing, his face expanding with a large and genial smile. "Just make out your—"

"That's all I wanted to know," interrupted the other. "A company that will do that can't get my application. Good day."—Chicago Tribune.

Trick Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Sheep, Reading, Wis. These letters are purporting to be the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Sheep's Restorative. Sold by W. E. Bosserman.

MAKING OF A GOOD COW.

First Fifteen Months of Calf's Life Determines Her Future.

A wise old dairy farmer once said to Gov. Heard, "The cow is either made or unmade in the first 15 months of her life." Questioned farther he stated that he had come to his conclusion after years of observation and practice. He had noticed that where a farmer took the best possible care of his heifer calves, kept them dry and clean, fed them well on good growing food and kept them going in a strong, growthy manner, if they were well bred from good dairy stock, whereas, if they were over so well bred, if they were neglected, and badly cared for, it was rarely any of them would make good cows.

"We believe firmly in the truth of what this old farmer said," adds Gov. Heard. "More good cows are spoiled by neglect, insufficient food, during the first 15 months than from any other cause."

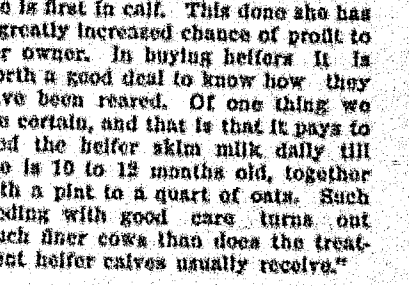
"Good blood, dairy heredity and all that is necessary. It is the foundation. But if we are going to make good cows out of these heifers we must pay close attention to how we start them on the road."

"For years we have been rearing better calves. Some of them we have sold and some of them we have kept. We are greatly impressed by our experience with the truth of the old farmer's theory. It is true that we take great pains that the heifer shall be well born. But that is only half the proposition, the first half."

"If she is to have good, large capacity she must be steadily well nourished from the beginning to the time she is first in calf. This done she has a greatly increased chance of profit to her owner. In buying heifers it is worth a good deal to know how they have been reared. Of one thing we are certain, and that is that it pays to feed the heifer skim milk daily till she is 10 to 12 months old, together with a little to a quart of oats. Such feeding with good care turns out much finer cows than does the treatment heifer calves usually receive."

PASTURE GATE.
One Which Will Give Passage to Cows, but Will Keep Out Hogs.

I here show drawing of the plan I have of keeping hogs from going from pastures to cow pasture and at the same time allowing the cattle to go from one pasture to the other at



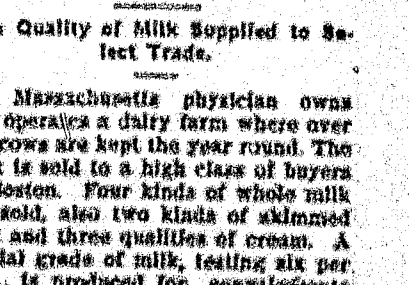
will, writes a correspondent of The Farmer. The opening may be as wide as desired. Two by two-inch plank are nailed to the fence posts about four or six inches from the ground and two extra posts are set out from the fence about a foot. The plank is nailed to the inside of these posts and this plank should be about four feet longer than the one fastened to the fence, so as to go by the opening at each end about two feet. The hogs cannot jump the two planks and small hogs that go between them cannot jump over, as they are lengthwise of the opening. The cattle will readily step over. The same plan may be used for sheep, only three planks may be necessary to retain them, although I only use two for them also.

A HIGH-CLASS DAIRY.
Fine Quality of Milk Supplied to Select Trade.

A Massachusetts physician owns and operates a dairy farm where over 300 cows are kept the year round. The milk is sold to a high class of buyers in Boston. Four kinds of whole milk are sold, also two kinds of skimmed milk and three qualities of cream. A special grade of milk, testing six per cent, is produced for convalescents and sick rooms, who need the richest milk possible. Jersey and Guernsey supply this high grade of milk. The milk furnished especially for babies contains about four per cent. butter fat and is milked from Ayrshire cows. Jersey, Ayrshire, Guernsey, Dorrans and Shorthorns are all used in this dairy. Every stable and barn on the place is kept neat and clean, and no foul odors are allowed to permeate them. The morning's milk from this dairy is cooled, bottled and delivered to the many customers in time for their use on the breakfast table. But a couple of cents more per quart is charged for this milk than for that coming from less sanitary surroundings or that of unknown quality.

Be Gentle with the Cow.
Be gentle with the cow, for you will feel better about it and the cow certainly will. There is a money value about gentleness also, but this should not be the first thing to be considered. The quiet cow is the one that will produce the most milk. The cow that is frightened has her digestive processes interfered with, and these digestive processes are the ones that control the secretion of milk. A cow that is nervous and excited will not produce much milk.

Will Let the Cows Through.
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